



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

In Memoriam.

80  
S. R. 139  
**Theological School**

IN

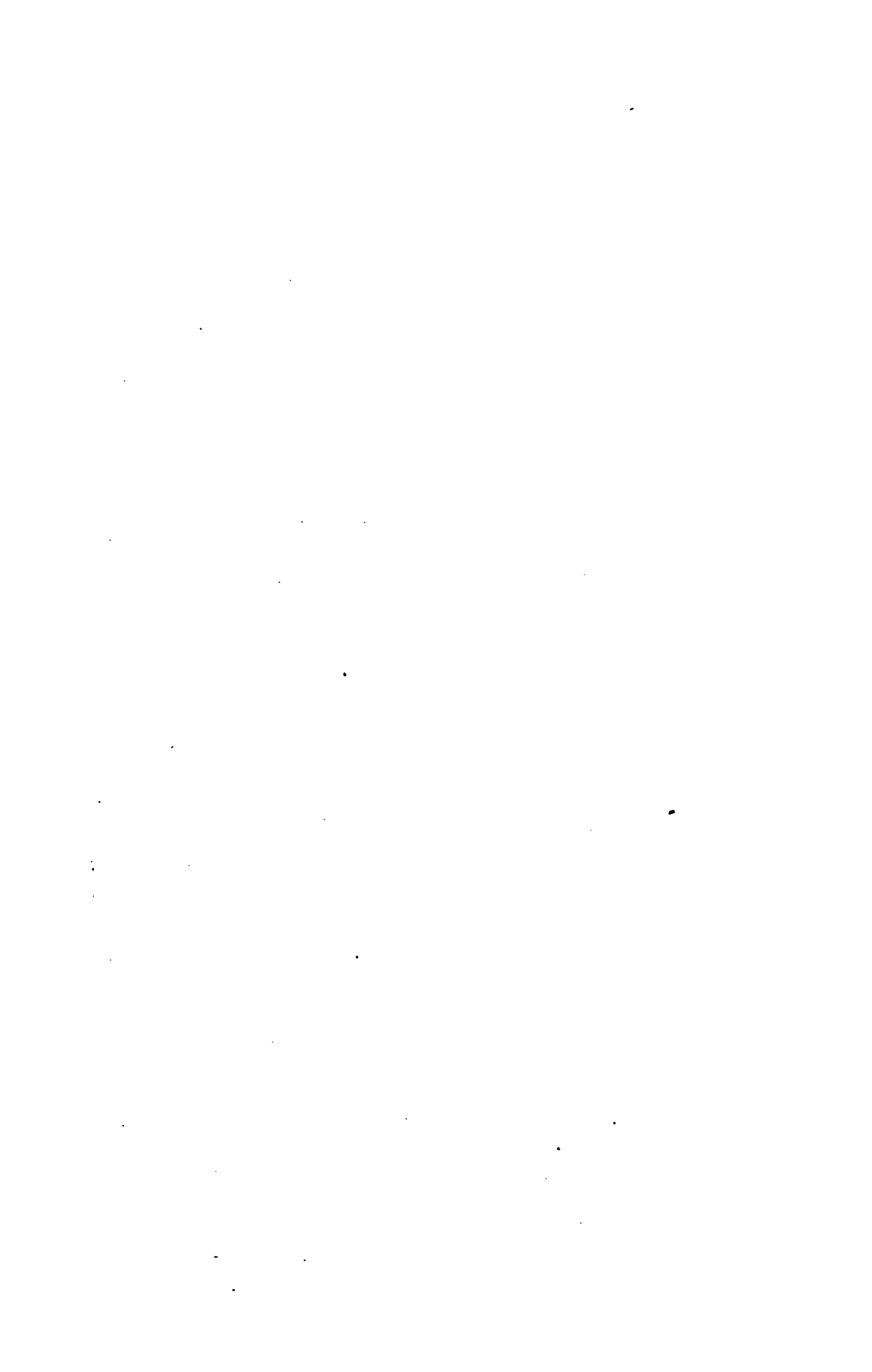
HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

—◆—  
BEQUEST OF

**JAMES WALKER, D.D.**  
—◆—

RECEIVED JUNE 19, 1875.









©

A

# DISCOURSE

IN COMMEMORATION OF

REV. WILLIAM PARSONS LUNT, D. D.,

DELIVERED AT

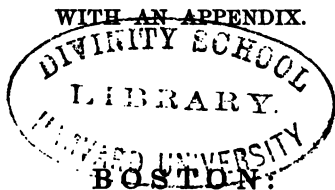
QUINCY, MASS., ON SUNDAY, JUNE 7, 1857.

BY

CHANDLER ROBBINS.

ALSO,

THE LAST SERMON PREACHED BY MR. LUNT, DECEMBER 28, 1856.



LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY.

1857.



**CAMBRIDGE:**  
**ALLEN AND FARNHAM, PRINTERS**

AT a meeting of the First Congregational Society of Quincy, holden June 22, 1857, the following Resolve was unanimously adopted.

*Resolved*, — That the thanks of the Society be presented to the Rev. CHANDLER ROBBINS, for the able, discriminating, and eloquent Discourse delivered by him on the 7th instant, commemorative of the services of their late Pastor, and that he be respectfully requested to furnish a copy of the same for publication.

A true copy, — Attest,

I. W. MUNROE, *Parish Clerk*.

---

QUINCY, *June 27, 1857.*

Rev. CHANDLER ROBBINS, D. D.,

Dear Sir:—I have the pleasure of communicating to you, by direction of the Parish Committee of the First Congregational Society of Quincy, the foregoing extract from the Parish Records.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

ISRAEL W. MUNROE.

---

BOSTON, *30th June, 1857.*

I. W. MUNROE, *Parish Clerk, etc.,*

Dear Sir:—It gives me pleasure to be assured, by the Resolution of the "First Congregational Society of Quincy" which you have communicated, that my Discourse in commemoration of their late respected Minister was satisfactory to his parishioners, and also, in compliance with their request, to place the manuscript at their disposal.

Respectfully yours,

CHANDLER ROBBINS.



# DISCOURSE.

---

PSALMS 107: 7.

AND HE LED THEM FORTH BY THE RIGHT WAY, THAT THEY MIGHT GO TO  
A CITY OF HABITATION.

THERE is a beautiful harmony between the hour at which we have assembled and the feelings with which, as Christian believers, we would engage in these funeral solemnities. While the quiet influence of this holy morning is congenial to our subdued emotions, its association with that scene of triumph and glory which eighteen hundred years ago signalized the first day of the week, touches in our hearts springs of hope and spiritual comfort which lie beneath the reach of death, and spreads a softened light over the faces of this sad company and these sable insignia of bereavement.

It is the very hour for a Christian pastor's obsequies. It is the very hour which, I am sure, he who occupied this pulpit would have chosen for his own.

It is the very hour whose influence is before all others in accord with the chaste sentiment, the quiet temper, and the calm faith of him whose impressive shade rises before us in this place of his hallowed ministrations, and still, like his living presence, controls both our feelings and our speech.

It has a voice more eloquent than man's to tranquillize and elevate and console. It speaks to those bereaved hearts in more powerful and gentle than human tones. Reviving the memory of the Creator's ever-during blessing, it lightens the mystery of his present chastisement. Renewing the promise of eternal rest, it softens the sense of temporary suffering. Inviting our thoughts to the contemplation of God, it prevents them from concentrating upon our personal disappointments. And, calling us to the Lord's house,—though we come filled with sorrow for the voice that is silent and the form that is gone,—it divides our duty between the servant and the Master; not forbidding us to indulge our affectionate regrets for the former, if we remember, at the same time, our obligations of submission and gratitude to the latter; nor denying us the privilege of commemorating human worth, if we keep in view also the transcendent perfections of God, and if the recognition of his august presence lays a chastening influence upon our lips, when they open in the church to speak of man.

William Parsons Lunt was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, the 21st day of April, 1805.\* While he was yet an infant his parents removed to Boston, where he commenced his school education; giving early manifestations of that love of study, that facility of acquiring knowledge, that correctness of taste, and that moral purity, for which he has ever since been distinguished.

At the age of ten years he was sent to prepare for college at the academy in the neighboring town of Milton. By the well-merited affection and singular care of his father, every slight record and minute memorial of his school-days, — even to the term bills and certificates — has been preserved. Henceforth, with what fond but melancholy satisfaction will parental love review those treasured evidences of filial faithfulness, of well-spent hours and an unblemished youth, and trace, step by step, by these little way-marks, his gradual and constant advance in the pleasant and peaceful paths of learning and virtue!

The period of his connection with Harvard College, as an undergraduate, from 1819 to 1823, expanded and fulfilled the promise of his earlier life. Considerate and discreet above his years, with no tendency to the vices of youth, and no inclination

\* His parents were Henry and Mary Green Lunt. The latter deceased August 6, 1856.

even towards its follies, he passed through the ordeal of a college course without so much as stirring a momentary anxiety in the hearts of his friends. As a scholar and as a man he secured the approval of his instructors, and claimed the respect of his class mates.

If his retiring disposition and reserved manners prevented his social popularity, they served as a safeguard against those dangerous, because specious temptations, which accompany good-fellowship, and which young men of a more genial temperament find it so hard to resist. But that warmth of nature, which, though covered, he really possessed,—which diffidence, perhaps, combined with an intense aversion to the exposure and demonstration of his feelings, restrained from a cordial expression to his companions,—indulged itself without reserve upon his favorite books, and, in communion with historians and poets and sages and artists, found both relief and compensation.

These silent, thoughtful, and uninquisitive friends suited his pensive and meditative mind. From social pleasures, from athletic sports, from occasions of amusement,—usually so attractive to the young, and not without advantage to a healthy and symmetrical culture,—he retreated to his study, to seek more congenial enjoyment in their quiet and select company. They cultivated his taste, they enriched his imagination, they stored his memory, they sharp-

ened his discrimination, they strengthened his judgment, they shaped his intellectual character in a classic mould. How thoroughly they disciplined and furnished his mind, you, my friends, his favored pupils, can bear testimony. For it has been your enviable privilege, from week to week, to listen to discourses crowded far above the ordinary measure with the ripe fruits of wisdom, rich with the treasures of an opulent memory, sparkling with the flashes of a brilliant imagination, forcible with sound opinions, ponderous with matured conclusions, and teeming with a chaste beauty. These were the golden sheaves of those studious years, which, for your improvement and delight, he has scattered among you, mingled with the more sacred treasures of the Gospel, with a lavish hand.

But, not only did he secure in the college that confidence and esteem which are the recompense only of constant studiousness and manly virtues; he won also, from time to time, peculiar marks of distinction. The hand of our Alma Mater, ever just to merit, and pleased to encourage youthful genius, twice during his collegiate course hung around his modest neck its brightest rewards.

He took his first degree in 1823, with a high rank, but still higher acquirements in general scholarship than his grade at commencement could with justice recognize.



The year subsequent to his graduation was spent in teaching a school at Plymouth; whither—it is pleasant to believe, as I have no doubt he himself gratefully acknowledged—the secret hand of the Divine Providence led him, not only to be a minister of good to others, but that he might find there for his own, that sweet and sacred spring of love and comfort which never since has ceased to flow along his path, in hours of care and hours of peace, to refresh and revive and beautify his life.\*

From Plymouth he returned to Boston, and commenced the study of the law. A little experience, however, convinced him that this was not the profession to which, either by his nature or his habits, he was adapted. A still more sacred calling urged its claims upon his conscience, and infused its invitations into his heart.

The Theological School at Cambridge, then under the conjoint care of an enlightened biblical scholar, a learned teacher of Hebrew, and a theologian who was also one of the wisest and best of men, not only presented just claims to the confidence of the community, but offered peculiar attractions to young men of high abilities and serious mind. Of this institution he became a member in 1825. His class was

\* William Parsons Lunt was married at Plymouth, Massachusetts, the 14th of May, 1829, to Ellen Hobart, daughter of Barnabas and Eunice Dennie Hedge. The former died July 12, 1840, the latter November 13, 1849.

at that time regarded as one of unusual promise, and has since furnished the churches with more than the ordinary proportion of distinguished preachers and influential men; but with none superior to himself in learning, faith, or eloquence, or in intellectual reach and power.

Before he had completed the prescribed term of theological study, he was invited to the pastoral charge of the Second Congregational Unitarian Society in the city of New York, which, although it had been gathered some time before, and had already erected its house of worship, had never, until his settlement, enjoyed a stated ministry.

His ordination took place on the 19th day of June, 1828, — the Rev. Dr. Greenwood of Boston preaching the Sermon, and the Charge to the minister elect being given by that life-long friend, who, on both the solemn occasions on which our departed brother pledged his vows to the church of Christ, stood by his side to counsel and to strengthen him, and who, faithful to the last, has come to-day to anoint his vacant place with plaintive prayer, and invoke upon his mourning family and church the Heavenly Father's benediction.\*

Every one can understand that the position of that young preacher, then only twenty-three years old, in such a city as New York, must have been one of

\* Rev. Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham, D. D. of Boston.

more than ordinary difficulty. There are few, however, who can adequately estimate the toil it imposed, and the discouragements to which it subjected him. But not even these few, if ignorant of the peculiar temperament of our friend, and the sore inward trials, which, in connection with a low nervous condition it induced, can fairly appreciate the oppressiveness of his burden.

For six years previous to the period to which I refer, the Rev. William Ware had been the only minister of the Unitarian faith in that great city.

As he gave the Right Hand of Fellowship to his younger brother, he greeted him with a burst of joy which, itself, told an affecting tale of his own isolation. With a cordiality which was the more impressive in contrast with his usual quietness of manner, he welcomed, for the first time, after so long a solitude, a fellow-laborer, with whom he could take sweet counsel and work in perfect unity.

Hand in hand they walked, side by side they toiled, for more than five years, meekly and faithfully fulfilling their sacred ministry,—these two gifted men, kindred spirits, equals in spotlessness of character and refinement of feeling, alike in love of letters and appreciation of art, peers in loftiness of purpose, in modest independence, and in steadiness of conviction. And if the parallel ceases here,—if he whom we especially commemorate to-day excelled the other

in force of thought and vigor of language, — “in flame of soul and speech,” — if here the parallel must cease, yet still let the scales of the balance swing on a poise — so, I am sure, would the admirable justice of the more powerful of the two friends suggest — still let the balance keep its poise, because that light which was the less intense in the pulpit was in private more genial, and shone on the social scene with a softer and warmer glow.

Side by side they labored, bearing without complaint the burden and heat of the day; holding up against overwhelming numbers the sacred standard to which they were pledged; misunderstood, suspected, looked down upon, spoken against, denounced as preaching another gospel; side by side they stood, those two meek and sensitive spirits, those two unprovoking and retiring men — loving the study, loathing the arena; fond of letters, recoiling from arms; listening for the music of the spheres, pained by the clamors of earth; longing for the eternal harmony, sighing over the discords of to-day, — side by side they stood for nearly six years; till first one fainted and then the other, and both at length retired from the field, for the lack of strength only, — not of courage or faith or patience or self-denial, — leaving behind them, in the hearts of all who were capable of appreciating true genius and a pure Christian character, a memory that still blossoms, and a beautiful impression, that will never fade.

Mr. Lunt obtained a dismissal from the church in New York in November, 1833. The interval between that period and his settlement in Quincy was employed in recruiting his strength by comparative rest, and in the occasional supply of vacant pulpits.

In 1835, he received and accepted a call from this ancient church to become its colleague pastor with the Rev. Peter Whitney, then advanced in years, and not reluctant to divide the labors of his office with a younger man. The services of installation took place on the third of June in that year.\*

On the Sunday following, the 7th of the same month, exactly twenty-two years ago this very day, at the same hour in the morning which we are devoting with tender regrets to the review of his life, he was preaching to you his first sermon as your minister, and looking forward, with devout aspirations and earnest purpose, towards that opening career of sacred duties which is now, alas! so suddenly and mysteriously closed.

Many of you can remember that occasion. Some of you can recall his look of chastened earnestness,

\* The order of services on that occasion was as follows, namely: Introductory Prayer and Selections from the Scriptures by Rev. Mr. Whitney of West Roxbury; Sermon by Rev. Mr. Frothingham of Boston; Prayer of Installation by Rev. Peter Whitney of Quincy; Charge by Rev. Dr. Parkman of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. Mr. Cunningham of Dorchester; Address to the Society by Rev. Mr. Gannett of Boston; Concluding Prayer by Rev. Mr. Huntoon of Milton.

more expressive of profound reliance than of lively hope. To some come back, like distant echoes in the dreamy night, the serious tones of his mellow voice. And a few, perhaps, more thoughtful than the rest, can remember the themes he discussed, and even, it may be, some sentence of his impressive discourse.

Happily, that discourse has been preserved on the printed page, and you can have the privilege, as I cannot doubt you will have the desire, to read it over to-day. Read it, brethren, I pray you, and let its instructions sink into your souls, while they are softened by this providential sorrow, — while the fresh sense of your bereavement disposes you to appreciate more justly and tenderly than ever before the value of the teacher you have lost.

It was designed, as its text indicates, to serve as a remembrancer of the great and solemn truths of religion, and more particularly of the claims of the *institutions of the Gospel* to the thoughtful respect and steady adherence of a Christian congregation and of all good men. Its lessons have an unchanging interest; its admonitions a perpetual value. “*I will not be negligent always to put you in remembrance of these things;*” — such were the first words of his first sermon in this pulpit; repeated after the great Apostle, whom he so much revered and admired, — with something also of Paul’s own rooted and grounded conviction of the exceeding and ever-during impor-

tance of those Christian truths and institutions to which he referred:— "*I will not be negligent always to put you in remembrance of these things, though ye know them.*" This was virtually your minister's solemn vow to God; this his sacred pledge to you, as he entered, at that hour, upon his sacred office.

How well he has fulfilled that vow, how faithfully he has redeemed that pledge, let your own consciences testify: let his published works make known: let all the congregations that have heard his instructions, let all his professional brethren who have conversed with him in private, bear witness. When or where has he fallen from his duty to what he believed to be the everlasting principles of the Gospel? When has he faltered in sustaining, or shrunk from defending, its sacred institutions? when has he seduced you, or suffered any to seduce you, from an implicit dependence upon the only true "foundation?" when has he even so much as given quarter to any opinion or conceit or speculation, that openly or covertly, by specious insinuation or by arrogant defiance has assailed the superhuman authority of the Lord Jesus Christ, or aimed to set itself up in the temple of thought, by the side of the everlasting pillars of God's revealed truth?

I have just reviewed, as was incumbent upon one who would conscientiously discharge the duty which you have intrusted to my feeble, but not unreverent

hands, all his printed discourses and published articles; and I do not, therefore, speak without actual knowledge and the utmost confidence, when I say — what indeed, no one of you will be disposed to call in question — that however great in other respects may be their variety, and whatever may be their other features of excellence, one grand characteristic stamps them all, one master-tone harmonizes them all, one sacred principle binds them all into a consistent impression; — it is a sincere, entire, unqualified, indefectible devotion to the spirit of that primal vow.

Therefore, my friends, — because such was the vital chord of his ministerial labors, because such was his inmost sentiment and deepest purpose, — have we not a higher warrant than our own fallible judgment for the conviction which we cherish, that, in the verdict of the Heavenly Judge, which our brother may have already heard pronounced upon his finished course, he has realized with a thrill of joy — as his own humble-mindedness never permitted him to realize on earth — the fulfilment of that hopeful prayer which closed that first sermon. “And now, brethren” — these were its simple but significant words — “And now, brethren, let us indulge the hope that our new connection, as pastor and people, has the approbation of heaven, and that it will be followed with the best fruit to our souls.”

At the time of Mr. Lunt's settlement, neither you



yourselves, nor the churches generally, nor yet his brethren in the ministry, adequately measured his strength. He had never yet found the conditions propitious to the best development and full sweep of his powers. But from that period they began to stretch themselves with a new freedom, and ever since they have been quietly growing in vigor, augmenting their influence, and vindicating their high quality and order by the unpresuming and unquestionable claims of superior achievements.

All his writings, — for the pulpit, for the magazine, for the regular services of the church and for extraordinary occasions, — theological, moral, biographical, historical, and literary, rise above the ordinary level. But some of his occasional discourses are almost unrivalled in their department. They are models, and will be, long after these granite walls, which echoed his eloquence, shall have crumbled into dust. For vigor of thought, for closeness of reasoning, for acuteness of discrimination, for correctness, dignity, and force of style, for soundness, maturity, and independence of opinion, and for solidity and earnestness of conviction, they are justly entitled to the high distinction they have already acquired, and to an enduring fame.

But, in addition to all these features of excellence, there is discoverable in many of his finest discourses another quality, so characteristic of himself as he

really was, and yet so unlike what he may have seemed to be to those who judged of him only by the surface, that I cannot in justice to my impression of him refrain from attempting to describe it. It is a certain repressed heat, a pent up fervor, underlying the thought and style,—as the earth's central fire underlies the calm face of nature, the cool and quiet pastures, the gently curving hills, and the mountains with their grave and passionless brows,—the existence of which the reader or hearer might fail to suspect, till, at some unexpected moment, it would flash out upon him in a sudden flame of eloquence or heave up a majestic sentence.

The discourse delivered at the interment of his venerated parishioner, one of America's most renowned sons, one of freedom's most valiant and illustrious defenders, one of history's most honored names, is worthy of a place by the side of any funeral oration of ancient or modern times.\* That also in commemoration of the great Statesman and eloquent

\* The discourse at the interment of John Quincy Adams was delivered at Quincy, the 11th of March, 1848, in the presence of the congressional committee, consisting of the representatives of twenty-nine States—charged with the duty of accompanying the remains of their lamented associate to their last resting-place—and of a vast audience, composed of the inhabitants of Quincy and many distinguished strangers, on the minds of all of whom it left a profound impression. Circulated by Congress, in twenty thousand copies, in connection with the other proceedings attending the demise of Mr. Adams, it gained for its author a national reputation.

Orator whose name is identified with the Constitution and engraved upon the arch of our Union; has no superior amongst the many eulogies that were pronounced over his grave. The two historical sermons preached here on the two hundredth anniversary of the gathering of the first church in Quincy have earned for their writer an enviable reputation in another department of literature which he cultivated with a lively interest.

I will not violate the sanctity of private affection by any separate reference to those chaste and beautiful funereal wreaths which from time to time your pastor wove, with even a filial interest, for one and another of the loved and honored of his flock—your fathers and your mothers—and laid with a tender and reverential hand upon their tombs. Neither have I the disposition, on an occasion like this, to bring distinctly to your remembrance his occasional discussions of those important moral and political questions which during the period of his ministry have agitated and divided the popular mind. Concerning these it is sufficient for me to say, that, while he rarely introduced such topics into the pulpit,—reserving them, with a very few exceptions, for the days of public Fast and Thanksgiving,—when he *did* undertake their treatment, it was with such evident deliberation, such entire sincerity, such a true independence, and such a grave earnestness,

as to secure attention even from those who dissented from his opinions, and to command respect where he failed to produce conviction. His discourse at the Duddieian Lecture at Cambridge in 1855, and that before the Alumni of the Theological School in 1852, though probably but little known beyond the small circle interested in theological discussions, are two of the most profound, brilliant, and masterly productions that have illustrated the highest of the sciences in recent times, and at once lifted their author to a high rank in the esteem of his professional brethren for metaphysical acuteness, erudition, and eloquence. The peroration of his address to the clergy is such a transcript of his own principles and aims as a preacher, it so breathes and burns with the spirit which animated his own labors, it sets forth in such bold colors the great moral danger of the period in which we live, and embodies in a few well-chosen words such healthful and weighty advice, that I cannot do greater justice to his memory, or subserve, in his behalf, standing thus in his vacant pulpit, a better purpose for yourselves than by yielding to it a few of those moments which would be so much less usefully occupied by any instructions of my own. Perchance it may be listened to by some of you the more heedfully, as having come from a heart that has now ceased to beat, and from earnest lips now silent in the sand.

What is most to be feared is, that men should contract a low, earthly habit of thought, be content to walk by sight and not by faith, distrust all truth that cannot be verified by the evidence of the senses, and look upon the world, and upon human life in the world, rather with a view to the material uses they may serve, than for the sake of the virtues they are designed to unfold. To break up this bad habit of mind, the imaginations of men must be addressed. They must be familiarized to objects which can be discerned only with the "mind's eye." And this work of disenthraling men from the mean slavery of the senses is not — cannot be — limited to those who professionally have the care of souls. Every artist, every instructor of youth, every writer who can secure the public ear, and especially every true poet, who has been made a seer himself by the all-enlightening Spirit, and to whom has been given the power to make others see the beauties and the glories which are not disclosed to sense, may do a good service in such a crisis for humanity and for God.

Come, then, all upon whom has been bestowed any power to address the higher nature of man, and to touch and move the more latent springs of life in the soul — come to the work which waits to be performed. Contribute your influence to fill up the void which a denying, destructive

scepticism has created. Throw open the narrow inclosures within which a poor logic would confine thought. Vindicate the freedom of the soul, and secure an infinite range for the exercise of its activity. Transform the crawling worm of materialism into a winged creature, and let it fly upwards to heaven. Win men back from exclusive devotion to earthly science, which cares only for the life that perisheth, to a glorious supernaturalism, to those verities which eye hath not seen nor ear heard nor the heart clearly conceived, but which ever have been and ever will be objects of faith and love to the immaterial, immortal spirit in man. Come, if it must be, with extravagance, and startle men, by wonder or by fear, out of that grovelling worship of Mammon which is effacing from the mind of our country every noble and disinterested sentiment, and which is changing "the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds and four-footed beasts and creeping things."

In addition to all his other gifts and accomplishments, Mr. Lunt was also a poet. His muse, it is true, was of too grave and meditative a cast to please the popular taste. His imagination was chaste rather than brilliant. The movement of his verse was quiet, correct, and stately. If it had been more impulsive, vivacious, and free, he un-

doubtedly possessed sufficient learning and genius to have acquired as high distinction in poetry as in prose. As it was, there are some of his lyrical pieces which have been much esteemed. Those written for the celebration of the Landing of the Pilgrims, for the dedication of a new church at Plymouth, for an ordination at the same place, and for various civic and religious anniversaries, are not likely to be soon forgotten.

The exquisite poem delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of yonder safe and quiet Home, which grateful Commerce has built, to "divide a portion of her gain with those who reaped the harvest," is yet fresh in your remembrance. The admiration which it excited when listened to is not diminished by its perusal. For the melody of its verse; for its charming description of that unsurpassed scenery which has so often delighted the eye, "wandering freely landward and seaward" from your storied hills; for its graceful historical allusions and pictures; for its powerful and touching contrast between the past hardships and perils of the "ancient mariner," and all

the woful shapes that lie  
Crowded within the Sailor's memory,—  
The mingled uproar of the sea and sky,  
The direful spectacle of wreck, the cry  
Of the spent swimmer in his agony,"

with the tranquillity and comfort awaiting him in that "Snug Harbor," and the daily delight he will find in watching from his window the fleets of every size and clime as they put to sea, or in spying the distant sail in the offing, homeward bound; as well as for the spirit of mingled devotion and humanity which gives a peculiar sacredness to its tone,—I cannot but consider it as not unworthy of a place amongst the finest of the shorter poems in our language; and I believe that it will be read and admired so long as Charity shall keep the spot where it was pronounced sacred to its humane purpose, or so long as an observer capable of appreciating the landscape which our brother's pen has painted shall survey it, as he described it, at the hour when

"sunset's blazing sheen  
Sets in a golden frame the pictured scene."

The longest and most elaborate of Mr. Lunt's poems was read before the Society of the Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge, in 1837. This is not the place for even so much as the most brief criticism of a literary production, though it be of a character so decidedly religious as that to which I refer. I allude to it for a very different purpose. As I have recently turned over the pages of this poem, with a melancholy interest, the closing lines, descriptive of



the finished earthly course of a virtuous soul, and breathing such a farewell, as Psyche, trained and strengthened by the inspiration and discipline of "the mildest Master and the best of Guides," might be supposed to utter, the impression has come over me that they embody such a strain as his own soul would have sung at the last hour, had it been allowed to compose its own requiem, or could he have been permitted to transcribe, for the consolation of his distant friends, the thoughts which sustained and elevated himself in the expectation of his departure.

Farewell — farewell — thou fostering Earth!

Thy gift of life I now resign;  
The *spirit* waits a higher birth,  
My useless *dust* I now resign.

From thee, rich stores of thought I've gained:

Thy various forms excite the mind,  
Amidst thy scenes of wonder trained;—  
I leave them all behind.

The beauty that is on thy brow

Waked infant passion in my heart;  
But higher glories ravish now,  
And bid me hence depart.

Thy tender ties, relations dear,

First gently taught me how to love;  
The germ which Nature planted here,  
Must grow and bloom above.

Thy stormy blasts have firmer made  
 The spreading roots of virtue's tree ;  
 The soul, by cares and sorrows swayed,  
 Rests in eternity.

But chiefly in thy radiant face,  
 Where lower beauties meet and shine,  
 My musing spirit learned to trace  
 The lineaments divine.

My race is run, my toils are o'er,  
 And safely reached the destined goal ;  
 Now thou, fair Earth, can'st do no more  
 To consecrate the Soul.

I drop my chrysalis of clay,  
 On new fledged wings I take my flight ;  
 Up to the brilliant Source of day,  
 I rise from Death's dark night.

Mr. Lunt was less fitted by nature and by habit for the private than the public offices of a Christian minister. His pulpit was his throne. He was made for a preacher rather than for a pastor. Nature, indeed, would have been more than usually liberal and partial to him, if it had endowed him for the latter form of usefulness and influence in a measure equal to that in which he was gifted for the former. How few are qualified to shine and serve the church in both !

It was not because he did not feel for the sorrows and joys of his people ; it was not because he looked

with an indifferent eye upon human homes and human life; it was not because he had no love to impart, and craved no love in return. His heart was no stranger to the soft impulses of compassion, and the gentle yearnings of affection. The few who were privileged with his confidence, and those who knew his nature best, can bear witness to the truth of what I say. He would gladly have been more genial, more sympathetic, and more demonstrative, if he could. He would gladly have been more frequently in your families and lingered longer at your firesides, if he had felt that he could do so without neglecting those hours of study and meditation which he thought were necessary, in order that he might bring into the house of God such discourses as he conscientiously believed were alone worthy of the cause of his Master, worthy of his own powers, and adequate to enlighten, lead, and control — as he considered himself called to do, according to his ability — the moral opinion and Christian sentiment of an intelligent and earnest community.

Much would he have rejoiced, I am sure, could he have drawn nearer to your hearts. But the gift and tact of sympathy he did not possess; nor could he even, to a great extent, supply the deficiency by any effort or culture. He could never wholly overcome an instinctive shrinking, self-distrust, and natural reticence, in general society and in private

interviews. He could not condescend to conciliate regard by expressing what he did not feel, or any more than he felt. He could not so much as trust himself to express what he *did* feel. Intellectually he was bold enough. In defence of the truth, in the proclamation of a principle, in the utterance of an honest conviction, he could face the world, he could trample down all fear of man, and spurn his favor. But in regard to ordinary and personal expressions of affection he was ever timid, backward, and reserved, and would sometimes shrink, if but seated face to face with a child.

But I must not detain you longer by these poor attempts to depict the character of your minister. I have not forgotten his own fine saying, that "admiration is not the highest tribute that a human being can receive from his fellows; nor is it what a right-minded man will most highly prize, or wish, most earnestly, to secure. Respect, esteem, confidence, — these are the feelings which every one will seek to inspire who loves himself last, and who takes care that all the ends he aims at shall be his God's and truth's. May it be our felicity, when our earthly work shall be ended, to leave behind us an untarnished name, and distinct, unequivocal, and reliable evidence of a useful and honorable life." With such feelings towards himself his own life *has* inspired us. Such a felicity he has secured. Such a name and such evidences our brother has left behind him.

I have endeavored to portray his image as it is seen in the clear light of truth; not to paint that dear shade which rises before our hearts; colored by the glow of their own regretful love, softened in feature and expanded in proportions as it is contemplated through the mists of our sorrow, crowned even, and shining with something of a saintly glory as we imagine it fading away towards the East, till it passes through the golden gate of the morning, and enters into "the Jerusalem above that is free, the mother-city of us all."

For more than twenty years our friend had been laboring,—who can wonder that at length he felt the need of rest! Not indeed the rest of inactivity,—that would have been no refreshment to him,—but rest to the body from treading continually in a routine of toil, and rest to the mind, by giving it freedom to range over new and wider fields and furnish itself with fresh images.

Was it not most natural, also, that while Prudence was making provision for this necessary relaxation, Imagination should have come in to take part in the counsels and to propose its attractive plan? It pointed to the land of the Bible,—the land where the Patriarchs fed their flocks and meditated at eventide; the land where the long line of Prophets walked with God and saw their heavenly visions; the land on whose green slopes David, the youthful

Shepherd, reclined and mused, and on whose Holy Hill, David the king chanted his immortal psalms; the land of the Saviour's birth, and blessed life, and holy, healing sorrows; the land where the Sacred River is flowing still, and the docile Sea, that rebukes forever the disobedience of man, still reflects in its calm mirror the ruins of ungrateful Capernaum and the gloomy mountain of the midnight prayer; the land where every valley and every hill has its consecrated associations; where the grand, unchanging images of nature are monuments of the reality of sacred story, and even the dilapidations and erasures of the works of man are evidences of the truth of revelation. To this hallowed and wondrous land, Imagination pointed, — where else should it have pointed a mind like his, when conscience interposed no obstacle?

On the last Sabbath of the last year, having previously completed all his preparations, he preached to you a sermon appropriate to the occasion of his departure. How little did he dream! — we cannot tell what *he* dreamed, — how little did *you* anticipate that it would be his last! The text was the same which I repeated to you at the commencement of this discourse. It was suggested to me in part by a natural though melancholy feeling of satisfaction in thus associating these words and thoughts, which are *of* him and *for* him, with his own last thoughts and words in this place.

But another and a higher reason prompted to its use. It declares, and it recalls to us *the great consolatory doctrine* — the most powerful, the most precious of all. It reminds us of the wise, and gracious, and careful Providence which directs, and upholds, and watches over the goings of his children; which leads them forth in all the paths they tread; which not only shapes the *direction* of their movements, but even “orders their *steps* ;” which leads them ever by “the right way” — dark and mysterious as it may seem to us; which leads them on, and still on, always towards the “city of habitation” — the celestial city, “the city that hath foundation,” the true and eternal home. A better country than any they may have gone forth to seek; a more beautiful clime than any they may have longed to visit; a more glorious kingdom than any of which they may have dreamed.

What a solace to those who loved him, to have the testimony before us, traced by his own pen in those very latest moments before he bade you farewell — in those very last sentences he ever wrote to be uttered in the house of God — what a solace, to have before us such testimony to the calm and trustful condition of his heart when he “went forth;” to the deep persuasion he felt that God would “lead him;” to the firm faith he cherished that He would lead him “by the *right way* ;”

to the childlike reliance and docility with which he trusted himself to the Father by whom "the very hairs of our heads are all numbered," and committed his family and his flock to the keeping of that tender Guardian who "heareth the young ravens when they cry," and foldeth all those who seek his protection beneath the "feathers of his wing!" How does this sure knowledge of our brother's own feelings when he gave you his adieu, comfort you for yourselves, and comfort you concerning him!

Having calmly and earnestly expressed his perfect trust in Providence; having supplicated for all whom he loved, the protection of Heaven during his absence; having asked, as I trust you have not forgotten, your prayers for himself; having given you one more earnest exhortation not to neglect to gather yourselves here for Christian worship and communion, to "be of good comfort, and to live in peace," he closed his ministry with the beautiful apostolic benediction,— "the God of love and peace be with you,"—and went forth;—went over the sea: tarried not in glorious England; tarried not in beautiful France; passed quickly by the classic shores of Italy,—retarded by no allurements,—drawn out of his direction by no counter attractions,—still pressing on towards the beckoning vision in the East.



His last letters were written on the eve of his entrance into the desert which lies between Egypt and Palestine. Their tone is cheerful, even jubilant. Was he not nearing the goal of his longings! Was he not nearing the Promised land! "Our tent,"—he writes from Cairo, on the 22d of February,—“is now pitched in the great square opposite my window, and yesterday we tried for the first time the camel's back. It is more like a dream than any thing which has ever happened to me. Only fifty-three days have elapsed since I left home, and now, here I am, with my most cherished plan about to be accomplished! How amazing it seems to me to be commencing a journey in which, *all the way through, the Bible is the best guide-book!* Our expectation is to be in Jerusalem in about forty days, which will bring us to the 6th of April. *Easter* this year falls on the 10th of April, and that will be a truly interesting occasion to be in Jerusalem. You will not, therefore, expect to hear from or of me for a long time after this. But I trust in the kind care that has preserved me thus far, to enable me to carry through to a happy result this, the darling wish of my life.”

At a still later date, the 28th of February, he writes from the desert itself, in which his small caravan had pitched their tents, a few miles distant from Suez. “Our ride in the desert has been beau-

tiful. The atmosphere has been clear and bracing. I never enjoyed any scenery more highly. At sunrise, this morning, while the Bedouins were striking the tents and loading the camels, our party walked forth to enjoy the exhilarating air. The hills on either side, although composed of nothing but stone and sand, yet presented the most beautiful forms against the clear sky, and were colored with the softest tints. Every shade imaginable of brown and purple was displayed upon their many angles, and mingled with the masses of shade. I have just mounted one of them, and, with a telescope, had the pleasure of seeing the Red Sea, stretching its blue line down from Suez, and beyond it the hills of Asia. I never felt better in my life, and every thing looks inviting before me."

Over the same dreary wilderness through which, of old, the hand of Jehovah led his chosen Israel — in "the right way, to a city of habitation," — though a way that seemed to them so circuitous and tiresome and desolate, — the same secret hand was leading him, to the same sure rest. He saw the same bleak rocks which frowned upon them. He wound his way through the same dark valleys which they traversed. He climbed the same precipitous and stony paths up which they toiled. He stood where they stood, awe-struck before Sinai and Horeb. His last walk was alone, along one

of the deep chasms that indent their united base—near where once the prophet Elijah walked in gloomy seclusion.

Who can tell us what were his impressions amidst that sublime scenery? The shadow of the awful mount may, for a little while, have cast its gloom over his sensitive and poetic mind; but quickly the gladdening Gospel came to cheer its solitary herald in the very place which had once reverberated with the thunders that announced the Law; and above that scarred and frowning monument of wrath and judgment—of “blackness and darkness and tempest”—the radiant sign of a better covenant glittered like the morning star.

He returned, apparently in his usual health, to the Convent, from which he had strolled forth, while his more robust companions were ascending the mountain. The day after leaving Sinai, a disease, which had been coming on stealthily for several days previous, began to manifest more decided symptoms, and was evidently fastened upon him. Still he was able to be moved. No accommodations or comforts for sickness could be obtained in the desert. The Bedouins were unable to find water. To remain where they were was perilous and impracticable. The only chance of relief was in getting on to some inhabited place. He was carried forward for three or four days, by short

stages, as carefully and gently as was possible on a camel's back.

They halted at Akaba, a small and mean village of Arabia Petræa, situated at the northern extremity of the Elanitic gulf,—the eastern arm of the Red Sea. Every thing was done to comfort the invalid that the skill and kindness of his intelligent fellow-travellers could suggest or supply. But it was in vain. While neither they nor he anticipated immediate danger, he was already beyond the reach of human aid. The second night at Akaba, after a short fever attended with delirium, a deep sleep fell upon him, and in it he passed away. Since he must die afar from his kindred, was it not mercifully appointed that that soft veil should hide from him a vision of the sorrowful group at home, for whose sake, far more than for his own, it might have been hard to die! Who can hesitate to acknowledge that it was "*the right way!*"

Decently and reverently, on the morning of the 21st of March, his mortal remains were laid away in the sand. The funeral service was recited by a clergyman from his own country, while all the English, French, and American travellers who were then at Akaba stood uncovered around the grave. The place selected for his sepulchre was a sandy eminence in the rear of the town. A rude heap of stones marks the spot. His monument is in your hearts.

Sad indeed does it seem that his precious relics should lie so far away from yonder quiet church-yard; where friends might have visited the sacred spot in a meditative hour; where young and old, walking at summer twilight, might have received a gentle admonition from the silent eloquence of a pastor's grave.

How deeply affecting now, are his own beautiful words at the funeral of his aged predecessor and colleague; when, imagining, as did the Prophet in his vision of the dry bones, that he saw the great congregation of his old parishioners rising to welcome their venerated Teacher to their quiet resting-place, he represents them as saying, "Come, rest in our midst, friend of our souls. *Where should the shepherd sleep, but among the flock?*" Where else, indeed, *would* the shepherd sleep? But the same Divine Providence which "led him forth," bade him drop his earthly tabernacle in the wilderness and leave it there, and we will believe that it was *the right way*. "For such a gifted spirit was it not well to lie down with patriarchs of the infant world,—the hoary seers of ages past;—and that the hills, rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, from whence they ascended, should be also the place of his departure, and become his monument?"

How can I more appropriately conclude this discourse than by borrowing, with only a slight

variation, the impressive close of his own sermon in commemoration of the earlier ministers of this ancient church. And now, had I the power to call up from its distant pillow of sand, the body of your lamented pastor, and could I call down out of the heaven whither we trust his spirit has ascended, the immortal vitality that once quickened it, and could bring his ghostly figure up this aisle to this altar,—what think ye would be the lessons that would be uttered by that minister of Christ? Would he not say to you: “Preserve the institutions which I exhorted you to honor. Desert not this sanctuary of your fathers. Guard, with vigilant caution, the sacred place of prayer. Above all, reverence the vital principles of the Gospel. If you must renounce any of my dogmas, do not, O, do not, renounce the Gospel. If you cannot accept my creed, do not, O, do not, fall from a life of piety and Christian righteousness.”

And, in conclusion, may I not say—and will you not, one and all, join me in the sentiment—to that departed shepherd whose repose I have in idea disturbed: “Go back, venerated shade, to your quiet chamber in the desert, where angels watch thy rest. Thy people will strive to follow in thy steps; and we will all hope to share with you your glory.”



O

THE

LAST SERMON

PREACHED AT

QUINCY, MASS., ON SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1856,

BY

WILLIAM PARSONS LUNT.



#### N O T E .

THE following Discourse is printed in compliance with a request of Mr. Lunt's parishioners, embodied in a Resolution adopted at a Parish Meeting, on Monday, June 22, 1857. Though it was not written for publication, and lacks the careful revision to which it would have been subjected had it passed under the critical eye of its author, yet his family have not felt authorized to disappoint the earnest and unanimous desire of those who listened to it, to possess it in a permanent form.

C. R.

# SERMON.

---

PSALMS 107 : 7.

AND HE LED THEM FORTH BY THE RIGHT WAY, THAT THEY MIGHT GO  
TO A CITY OF HABITATION.

THERE is something singularly affecting in the language and figures employed by the Hebrew people to express their dependence on a Divine Providence. The great truth which religion inculcates, of a Providence that watches over men, was by these images and forms of speech impressed upon the minds of that people. The Psalm from which my text is taken affords an example. An unseen Presence mingled with the journeyings of their fathers. When Abram went out from his father's house, he went at the command of a voice which he dared not disobey. He knew not whither he went. An intelligence higher than human, thought for him, and coun-

sedled him. A promise of great good in store for him cheered his heart. He leaned on the arm that was stretched out to support him. He went where his Divine Guide *led*. It was the right way, and in his faith he followed the leadings of Providence, and was not deceived. The same lesson of confiding trust in God was taught in the history of the descendants of Abraham. They had, in the course of four centuries, grown to a multitude in Egypt. And it was now full time for them to leave the house of bondage, and to seek the promised land. But how should this object be accomplished? It was difficult; might well have been pronounced beforehand, by one who stopped at human agencies, to be impossible. Under whose conduct should this multitude move on safely to the accomplishment of their destiny? Truly, the Exodus of the Israelites is the greatest enterprise recorded in the history of mankind. Well might the Scribes, who recorded their national events, and the Psalmists, who celebrated their deliverances, revert with pious reverence and gratitude to their wanderings in the wilderness. The history of these old transactions was a sacred history. The Psalm that commemorated that pilgrimage was the expression of the religion of a people. The history was handed down; and the Psalm of triumph and thanksgiving was sung by worshippers of successive generations.

“ When Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
 Out of the land of bondage came,  
 Her fathers’ God before her moved,  
 An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

“ By day, along the astonished lands  
 The cloudy pillar glided slow;  
 By night, Arabia’s crimsoned sands  
 Returned the fiery column’s glow.”

God led them. This was the image under which they were taught to conceive in their minds of a Providence, and this is the conception which the Hebrew writings have taught the whole world to form of a Providence.

And this is especially the thought that fills the mind of the Christian traveller who is preparing to leave his native shores, to part with those who are dear to him, to quit his old familiar haunts, to expose himself to unknown perils by sea and by land. To the young and thoughtless, it may be only pastime to rove from place to place. But to one who has fixed relations to Society, a place to *occupy*, if not to fill, and services to render, at stated times and within a prescribed circle, it is not an easy matter to leave all, and to go forth alone to the ends of the earth. He may long to behold what he has read about and dreamed of all his life long. He may need the refreshment which a temporary suspension of his duties and a change of scene will be likely to give to body

and mind. He may reasonably expect to derive instruction by his personal observations which he could never acquire at home, or from books. And *yet*,—when the time comes for this departure, he will be surprised to find how strong are the ties which bind him to the spot where he resides. What he looked forward to as an unmixed pleasure, becomes in his view, when he is prepared at length to carry his purpose into execution, a most serious—aye, in some respects, even *fearful*—undertaking, not to be entered upon lightly and unadvisedly, without some misgivings, without revolving in the mind the numerous hazards to which he exposes himself. The weakness and dependence of a human being is brought, at such a time distinctly and painfully to the mind. The thought of so feeble a creature, as man—the individual—is, exposed to the forces of nature, tossed upon the waves, driven by tempests, drifted by ocean currents,—even if it may not appear presumptuous, must dispose the mind to solemn religious reflections. The Christian traveller will not fail, at such a time, devoutly to recognize that Providence on which thoughtful men, in every age, have leaned with a hopeful confidence. To Him he commits himself. His Divine Guide will lead him forth, as the Psalmist in the text assures us, by the right way. And by such an assurance does he quiet his anxious thoughts, and prepare himself for his enterprise. To

go forth without such a religious assurance would be evidence of either a reckless insensibility, or of a daring defiance of the Power above us.

And if it requires, in a person of settled habits, the force of a religious conviction to brace him up to the resolution to leave his home, the sensation of pleasure felt by the travellers when he returns in safety to those from whom he has been separated, will be likely to exceed any gratification which he has enjoyed abroad. A thoughtful writer of our own day has expressed this thought so well that I borrow his language. "Who shall tell the unspeakable and unparalleled emotion of joy, when, after any considerable absence, *home* comes again in sight, when the huge body of the sea, by whose broad girdle we had crept to the regions of the rising Sun, 'again shifts eastward its convex bulk,' and we ride over the banks and by the capes which the great continent we were born on stretches forth, in token of her protection to the navigator; when, after those reaches of the briny waste, which, to the superstitious and disheartened seamen of Columbus, seemed literally without end, the firm shore in some headland looms up, though dim and vague, to the wistful sight, indescribably dear and precious, with its rugged, barren outline fixing a spell upon us exceeding that of English shaven lawns or brilliant Italian sunsets; when, for the solitude, the solemn, peculiar, terri-

ble loneliness of the sea, voiceless but for some rare trumpet through the whistling winds, and blank but for some glimmer of a sail that shines and fades on the horizon's edge, reappears the white-winged sociable flock of ships; when, sailing above the bones of the majestic vessel and her ill-fated crew, and giving one shudder of sympathy as we stop to sound the depths, we then glide safely on, till a little coast-light, more glorious than the morning star, a lamp brighter to us than Orion, blazes perhaps in the last watch of the night, and soon the smoothness of the bay and the narrowing harbor takes the place of the tremendous pitch and plunge, between the poles of the world, of the monstrous Atlantic — and the forts, like strong, stiff sentinels, with brazen dogs of war, lie asleep full in view at the nation's old, dear doorway; and when roof and spire and dome reveal themselves, there is a sensation in our being, transcending the effects of all foregoing splendors and sublimities. As our foot presses the ground, we feel as the dove did, when, from wheeling over boundless water through the treeless sky, she lighted on the window of the ark. Our own dwelling, with every gray look and weather-stain upon it, that seems to have mourned our desertion, and to have been long yearning for its inmates, — who shall describe the transport of its living, or even its inanimate welcome?"

But if the pleasure of reaching home in safety be

so great as the writer from whom I have quoted describes, why should we ever leave, except from necessity or to fulfil some urgent duty, the dear and familiar spot?

There must be powerful inducements acting upon the mind to bring it to consent to such a voluntary exile, and to make it willing to encounter so many perils — and there are, in fact, such inducements.

We are so constituted that the mind as well as the body needs from time to time the refreshment which a change of scene brings with it. Even our moral and religious nature feels and acknowledges the same law. The same objects, seen day by day, from one year to another, fail at length to make any distinct impression. It has frequently been made matter of speculation, why the regular course of nature does not make a deeper religious impression upon men's minds? Why are so many irreligious persons found in such a world, continual witnesses as they are, of such wonderful manifestations of Divine power? Why are so many living without God in the world, when the world presents so many testimonies to a Creative Power and a benignant Providence? We may reply to these inquiries — that the very regularity of nature operates to prevent the mind from receiving the impressions which it ought to make, and was intended to make. Did we see the sun rise but once in our lives, it would not rise upon an unbe-



lieving world. Such a spectacle would carry conviction to the most sceptical, and would awaken a delight mingled with awe which could never be forgotten. But the phenomenon of the sun rising is seen each successive day, except in the case of the few human beings who sojourn in polar ice-fields; and the glorious spectacle is beheld for this reason by so many without emotion. The stiffening, benumbing power of habit must be broken up by putting the mind in a new position, and subjecting it to unaccustomed influences. Neither by living continually in a crowd nor by perpetual solitude can the powers and resources of the human mind be unfolded to the best advantage. It is by the interchange of retirement and society that human beings are most benefited. "Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God," is the testimony of the Scriptures to the moral value of a change of condition; and with equal truth it may be affirmed, that, without changes in a person's position,—without altering, from time to time, his point of view, and the angle at which he looks at the world,—no clear and vivid impressions are obtained by the mind.

It is an object of rational desire to behold the vast accumulations of every thing that man needs or craves or delights in, which have been gathered through thousands of years, by generations following

each other, and adding more and more to what their predecessors had collected. *We* of the Western Continent are a young people. We have no *past* of our own. In passing from the New to the Old World, it is as if one went from a newly built house to the old family mansion, where the race has been residing for centuries. Only a few years have elapsed since our fathers came hither and made a clearing in the wilderness, and sat down in company with the wild beasts and the savages. Nothing with us is old except the rocks and forests,—man has erected here no structures, no temples, no pyramids, no tombs, no monuments of his various art, which can be pointed to as having an antiquity greater than that of the forests themselves. We have as yet only the frame raised and covered of the house we dwell in; we have had no time to adorn the residence, to fill it with the comforts and luxuries of a high civilization; we have no *past*. He who would see memorials of the elder times, and would know what his race has been doing for centuries, must visit the Old World. Every thing he sees there is historical. He is introduced into a museum, containing all the choicest productions of human invention and industry through thousands of years. Every intelligent person must wish to see with his own eyes all this accumulated result of time; to judge for himself, by such specimens in every depart-

ment of art, what the human being is capable of conceiving and realizing under the most favorable circumstances, in its happiest moods, and acted upon by the stimulating power of the selectest influences. All these illustrations and monuments of human genius we have not as yet among ourselves, because we have not so wide a range of time, or such a multitude of artificers and inventors to choose from. In the repositories of art in the Old World are laid and preserved only what deserves to be kept, out of the million efforts that were unsuccessful, and that perished because they had not merit sufficient to keep them alive.

But more than all else, it seems to me, the aim and purpose of the Christian traveller will be to increase the power of religion, as a sentiment, as an assured conviction of the positive, historical truth of Christianity, and as a living, governing principle in his soul. And to a thoughtful, serious observer, how can this fail to be the effect of what he witnesses! A tour through the Old World, if viewed aright, must have much of the character of a religious pilgrimage. It is not merely an excursion of pleasure. It is a pilgrimage through the older portions of Christendom, where at every step of his progress he sees illustrations, tangible, real evidences and memorials of the power of Christian faith. All Europe may be regarded as a continued gallery, showing us, in a thou-

sand durable and beautiful forms, what an abiding influence Christianity has had upon the imaginations, the affections, the life, of many generations. Amidst much *crime* and wretchedness, such as happily does not exist among ourselves, stand the monuments of the past, evidences to the eye and to the soul of the power which the religion of Jesus has exercised over the souls of men in other ages, and of the power which it may now exert as the leading element in a progressive civilization. The saints and martyrs of other days look down from the niches which they occupy in churches reared to their memory, or from the canvas on whose surface their living forms are represented, and assure the serious beholder that the power which Christian truth wrought in these saints of a former period, it may still exert upon the hearts and consciences of the living generations, not to reproduce the same acts or the same type of character, but to strengthen men for worthier efforts, and for the achievement of more excellent results.

The Christian traveller need not change his creed, or distrust the methods which he has been taught to use for awakening, training, expressing the religious convictions of the soul. He need not, and if he is wise, he will not, desire to exchange his humble sanctuary for the vast cathedral which it has required hundreds of years to complete ; nor to exchange the sim-

ple service of a spiritual religion for the showy pomp of the Roman Church. But while he retains and cherishes his more rational faith, and prefers for himself a less ostentatious and more scriptural mode of worship, he will not fail to trace, under all these cumbrous forms, and these, to him, strange dialects, in which the soul of man expresses itself, the power of the same principle belonging equally to all. The soul is in company, in communion, with other souls, whose training has differed from his own very widely, whose convictions are not all *his* convictions, but who rest upon the same foundation, who acknowledge the same Head, who worship, though under various conceptions, the same Father, — who belong, in fact, although they may not all acknowledge the fact, to the same Catholic Church throughout the world, and who are all quickened, moved, comforted, sustained, by an influence, under different manifestations, but yet proceeding from the same Holy Spirit, the Eternal Comforter and Sanctifier.

With these views of the objects and enjoyments which the Christian traveller ought to propose to himself, I am soon to take my leave of you, my fellow-worshippers and brethren, for a few months. On this last Sabbath of the closing year, amidst all the memories which it calls up, of dear and departed friends, with all the uncertainties of the future looking us in the face, I come to ask you

for your prayers, to supplicate for you and your families, during our separation, the protection of Heaven, and to exhort you not to neglect to gather yourselves here for Christian worship and communion. In the words of an apostle, I may be allowed to say: "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you."



## A P P E N D I X .

---

THE tidings of Mr. Lunt's death reached his family on Saturday, May 30th. Arrangements were made by the Parish Committee of the First Congregational Church in Quincy for an appropriate celebration of the afflictive event on Sunday, June 7th—the 22d anniversary of the first Sabbath of his ministry.

The pulpit and galleries were covered with the sable drapery of mourning. A large concourse of his parishioners and townsmen, together with his friends from the city and the neighboring towns, assembled to pay respect to his memory.

The services in the Church were as follows:—Voluntary on the Organ, and Chant by the Choir; Introductory Prayer by Rev. N. L. Frothingham, D. D. Reading of the Scriptures by Dr. Frothingham; Hymn; Prayer by Rev. James Kendall, D. D. of Plymouth, Mass.; Funeral Hymn; Sermon by Rev. Chandler Robbins, D. D.; Concluding Prayer by the Preacher; Chant by the Choir.

The celebration of the Lord's Supper followed the public services. After a brief address by Dr. Kendall, the ordinance was administered by Dr. Robbins.

---

### PROCEEDINGS OF THE PARISH.

“At a meeting of the First Congregational Society of Quincy on the occasion of the decease of their Pastor, Reverend William Parsons Lunt, holden June 22d, 1857, Josiah Brigham, Esq., was chosen moderator.



“‘It was voted, on motion of Mr. John Glover, that a committee of three be appointed to consider and report such resolutions and measures as were suitable on the occasion. Hon. Charles F. Adams, Ebenezer Woodward, M. D., and Mr. Edward Turner, were chosen said committee.’

“The committee subsequently made the following report, which was unanimously adopted:—

“‘This Society have received with profound sorrow the intelligence of the decease of their pastor, the Reverend William Parsons Lunt, whilst far away from home seeking an invigoration of his energies among scenes hallowed to the eye of Christian faith. A void has thus been on a sudden created, by the act of Divine Providence, which they may be permitted to deplore; and for the first time during a period of more than a century they find themselves without a spiritual guide.

“‘*Resolved*, That under this heavy bereavement, they cling to the recollection of the virtues of him whom they have lost; of his piety, which, measuring his own labors, even when most successful, only by the standard of his aspirations to excellence, ever kept his spirit humble before God; of his refined scholarship, which had attained a maturity that promised a continued development of usefulness for many years; of his religious faith, which made him a Christian, earnest, conscientious, firm,—liberal towards his brethren holding other forms of belief, and yet resolute in maintaining his own.

“‘*Resolved*, That this Society tender to the afflicted widow and the mourning family of the deceased the expression of their heart-felt sympathy in the calamity which has come upon them. Yet, though grieving sore, it is not as without a consolatory trust; for the memory of a life happily spent in the cultivation of those affections that most adorn and exalt the Christian, prompts an humble hope that their departed friend has but passed to his highest reward.’

“The said committee also reported the following Resolution, which was unanimously adopted:—

“‘*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Society be presented to the Reverend Chandler Robbins, for the able, discriminating, and eloquent Discourse delivered by him on the seventh instant, commemorative of the services of their late Pastor; and that he be respectfully requested to furnish a copy of the same for publication.’

"It was also voted, That the widow of the deceased be respectfully requested to furnish for publication a copy of his farewell discourse.

Attest,

ISRAEL W. MUNROE, *Parish Clerk.*

The following is a copy of the letter sent by the travelling companions of Mr. Lunt to his family, giving an account of his last sickness, etc. : —

"For the satisfaction of Mr. Lunt's friends, we think it proper to give, in brief, some details of our intercourse with him and of his last illness. While arrangements were being made at Cairo, he sometimes gave expression to fears, lest, in his then state of health, he should be unable to support the toils of the journey, and become ill in the desert. Chiefly to meet his wishes, it was expressly stipulated in the contract, that, should any member of the party become so ill as to be unable to travel, the others should wait for his recovery, and share along with him the extra expense incurred.

"On the day previous to starting, he complained of slight indisposition, but on the following morning, this had almost entirely disappeared, and he felt no hesitation in beginning the journey at the appointed time. Nothing could at first have been more salutary than the effects of the change of air and mode of life pursued in the desert upon Mr. Lunt's health and spirits. He expressed himself as being quite invigorated, as having never felt better in his life; as very glad, indeed, that he had come across the desert previous to his return home. Having throughout made the journey by short and easy stages, he very rarely, if ever, complained at night of fatigue; and rose every morning invigorated and nerved with fresh strength to enter upon the journey of the day.

"This happy state of things continued without interruption until we pitched our camp near the convent at Sinai. There, Mr. Lunt found himself unable to ascend to the top of Gebel Mousa and the other mountains, not, however, on account of fatigue or indisposition, but because, when he attempted to mount to any height, he was seized with giddiness,

which obliged him to desist. He took long walks, however, through the neighboring valleys, and frequently expressed the great delight he experienced from the magnificent scenery of that remarkable spot.

"When we left Sinai, his health and spirits seemed to be quite unimpaired. On that day we travelled only four hours; he ate a hearty dinner, and early retired to bed, apparently in good health. Next morning he complained of having passed an uncomfortable night, and of a bad headache. He did not, however, feel so ill as to be unable to go on: but, for his comfort, we travelled on that day very slowly, and pitched our tent at an early hour. In the morning, he had taken a dose of aperient medicine, but apparently with no good effect, since he still complained of headache and loss of appetite. Next morning, Sunday, March 15th, as he still continued to complain, and the bad symptoms were farther increased by a pain in the region of the stomach, we agreed to remain, the whole day, where we then were, hoping that rest, combined with fresh remedies, would restore Mr. Lunt to a state of convalescence. We resorted to such simple remedies as were within our reach and the case seemed to demand. Mr. Lunt himself judged that he was suffering from the effects of cold, and checked perspiration; and we applied fomentations, hot water to his feet, and prepared for him such a light diet as is usual in similar cases.

"Next morning he felt rather better, and, as our Bedouins had no water and none could be found in the neighborhood, he expressed a wish to go on. On that day, we made a short journey. Mr. Lunt still complained as before; but the pain had now shifted from his stomach and settled in his back. It was his own opinion that the symptoms were rheumatic, and we again fomented and applied the usual remedies. He was able to eat some chicken broth and boiled rice and milk, although his appetite was very small. Next day, as Mr. Lunt still felt indisposed, we made a short journey of little more than six hours, and repeated the remedies formerly applied. Our efforts were unfortunately attended with little apparent success, and it was now felt by Mr. Lunt himself to be the wisest course to proceed as quickly as possible to Akaba, where we could have the advice and assistance of fellow-travellers. We accordingly arranged a couch for him on the dromedary's back, reclining on which he could travel more easily. Proceeding in this way for two days, during which his symptoms remained without

increase or abatement, on the evening of Thursday, March 19th, we arrived at Akaba. There, again, at Mr. Lunt's request, we applied the same remedies as before. He did not seem, then, to have the least suspicion that he was suffering from any thing but a cold and rheumatism, aggravated by weakness arising from loss of appetite and inability to take strengthening food. In the middle of the night he awoke one of the party, told him he could get no sleep, felt so weak as to be scarcely able to rise from bed, urged our hurrying on next day by Hebron to Jerusalem, where medical advice could be had, and for the first time confessed that for nearly three days he had been suffering from constipation. He was quieted by the assurance that every effort would be made to obtain assistance; and, having taken a dose of aperient medicine whose effect was almost immediate, went to bed and remained quiet till morning. He then complained of pain in his back so acute as to make his being moved in any way almost impossible; and the idea of hurrying on for aid to Jerusalem was quite impracticable.

"Every thing we could think of, or our fellow-travellers suggest, to relieve the pain in Mr. Lunt's back, was tried, but without effect. Towards evening the pain abated, and he expressed himself to be much better. Soon after, however, feverish symptoms were developed, and in a few hours he became delirious. Fortunately one of our fellow-travellers, Mr. Cave, had some little experience in the treatment of disease. He saw Mr. Lunt, and, to reduce the fever, administered two doses of tartar-emetic, one grain at eight o'clock, P. M., and another at midnight. The effect was slightly to reduce the fever; but purging came on towards morning, and his breathing became quick and labored. To relieve this and bring on repose, a small pill compounded of opium and quinine was administered, and in a few minutes after he fell asleep. His breathing in sleep, however, still continued labored, till about half past five, A. M., on the morning of Saturday, the 21st of March, it suddenly ceased, and without a struggle he breathed his last. In circumstances so mournful, in the middle of the desert, and so far from Mr. Lunt's home and friends, we felt that all that could be done was to pay the last sad honors to his remains, and, with however much regret, to leave him behind in a foreign grave. It was so far unfortunate that the other parties of travellers were obliged to leave Akaba without delay; and

were, that very morning, busied with preparations for their further journey. They were willing, however, to delay a few hours to attend Mr. Lunt's remains to the grave.

"In these circumstances, and acting on their advice, we made immediate preparations for his interment. That no chance might be lost, and to put the fact of his death beyond all dispute, we applied all the tests usual in such cases, even to opening a vein in his arm, but he was gone, past all hope of recovery. . . . .

"Shortly after nine o'clock, A. M., his remains were followed to the grave by all the English, American, and French travellers then at Akaba. The funeral service was recited by the Rev. Mr. Dowdney, a fellow-countryman. His grave is on a sandy eminence behind the town of Akaba, and a heap of stones marks the spot where his ashes repose. To the governor at Akaba we intrusted its protection from all disturbance,—guaranteed as well by the current superstitions of the Arabs,—and received his promise, that it should remain intact, and that, should any of Mr. Lunt's friends visit Akaba in the future, he would conduct them to the spot where his body lies.

"In the presence of three English gentlemen we examined Mr. Lunt's portmanteau, and took from it gold to the amount of —. What of this it is necessary, according to contract, to pay the dragoman, we shall disburse, and hand over the remainder, with all Mr. Lunt's other effects, which, for greater security, we sealed up, to the American consul at Jerusalem, to be forwarded to his friends in America.

"Such is a simple narrative of the particulars of this melancholy event — most melancholy to his friends — and no less so to us. For, although our acquaintance with Mr. Lunt was brief, his quiet, gentlemanly manners, genial disposition, and invariable kindness, had won our affection and esteem, and made his sudden death still more painfully felt.

"Day by day as we continue our journey we miss a pleasant companion, and feel a void, which nothing but his presence could fill.

"May God grant that it is well with him in that other world where we shall join him, but whence he can no more return to us! —

"W. SCHOOLBRED, *Theological Student.*

"B. HINSHAW.

"We the undersigned, having seen Mr. Lunt frequently after his arrival at Akaba, during his last illness, and after his death, and having also been present at the examination and sealing up of his effects, can testify to the truth and accuracy of the foregoing narrative, so far as it refers to that period.

"STEPHEN CAVE, *Barrister at Law, Cleve Hill, near Bristol.*

"CHARLES D. CAVE.

"REV. THEOPHILUS LESSEY, *Independent Minister, Islington, London.*"

---

POEM AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE  
SAILOR'S SNUG HARBOR,

REFERRED TO IN THE COMMEMORATION DISCOURSE.\*

On this green headland, where in summer pride  
Waits for her ocean-lord his lovely bride,  
And stretches far her neck, with amorous reach,  
To invite caresses on the lonely beach,  
Fair Commerce builds a Home for those whose toil  
Has fetched the golden fleece from foreign soil;  
The neighboring mart, whose white-winged navies sweep  
Through every zone that belts the boundless deep,  
Divides a portion of her well-used gain  
With those who reaped the harvest on the main.

Here may the veteran mariner repose,  
When on his craft the life-storm fiercely blows;  
Here let him turn a-port, and, furling sail,  
Run for a Harbor through the driving gale;  
Here, rounding to, drop anchor near the shore,  
And ride in safety till life's voyage is o'er.

\* To R. B. FORBES, Esq., these lines, recited on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the Snug Harbor, July 14, 1856, are affectionally inscribed by the writer,  
W. P. L.

From cape to cape, search round our noble Bay ;  
 No lovelier sight than here can eye survey :  
 From yonder hill,\* when sunset's blazing sheen  
 Sets in a golden frame the pictured scene.  
 Let the eye wander freely 'as it will,  
 Landward or seaward, all is beauty still.

The Sachem of the Bay, by Squantum's shore,  
 Held o'er his feathered warriors sway, of yore :  
 There stood his wigwam in the hummock's shade ;  
 There the maize-tassels with the breezes played ;  
 There the red hunter chased the antlered game ;  
 Thence Massachusetts † took her honored name.

To fancy's eye, these verdant necks ‡ of land  
 Seem as the fingers of an outstretched hand.  
 The Genius of the place here stands to greet  
 The faint sea-wanderers to this calm retreat :  
 Here let them watch, as on the neighboring strand §  
 The brave ship grows beneath the builder's hand,  
 Till, all complete, she cleaves the yielding tide,  
 And walks the water with a graceful pride ;  
 Here let them follow to the gates of day  
 The trade fleets speeding on their outward way ;  
 Or, in the offing, spy the distant sail  
 Nearing the haven with propitious gale, —

\* Great Hill, the termination of a strip of land called Hough's Neck, from Allerton Hough, one of the original settlers of Boston, who had a grant of land at Mount Wollaston.

† The hill, or hummock, still called Sachem's Hill, lies in the northerly part of what is now Quincy, near Squantum ; and tradition points it out as the seat of the Sachem who ruled the Massachusetts Indians.

‡ There are five of these necks belonging to Quincy. Beginning on the north with Squantum, the next is Hough's Neck ; then Germantown, originally Shed's Neck ; then Quincy Point ; and, still further south, Knight's Neck.

§ At Quincy Point, opposite to Germantown, and within a short distance of the Snug Harbor, ship-building is carried on.

The clipper, white-robed lady of the main ;  
 The sea-horse, snorting o'er the liquid plain ;  
 The mighty admiral, equipped for war,  
 Her hundred voices thundering Ocean's law ;  
 Or, better far, some "Jamestown," outward bound,  
 On cruise of mercy to a foreign ground ;  
 Unshipped her battle-gear, with warm hearts manned,  
 Freighted with plenty for a starving land.

Such sights relieve the woful shapes that lie  
 Crowded within the Sailor's memory, —  
 The mingled uproar of the sea and sky,  
 "The direful spectacle of wreck," the cry  
 Of the spent swimmer in his agony.

And when the ancient mariner shall see  
 The gloomy waters of eternity,  
 And in his need, despairing help below,  
 Call for a pilot's skill to steer him through,  
 Then may that form benign, whose power to save  
 Held trembling Peter steady on the wave,  
 Conduct the trusting soul in safety o'er  
 To a Snug Harbor on the heavenly shore !

---

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH IN NEW YORK.

"A meeting of the Second Congregational Unitarian Church worshipping in the Church of the Messiah, in New York City, was held on the seventh of June.

"Mr. Richard Warren stated that, in the absence of the President of the Board of Trustees (Mr. Samuel J. Beals), he had been requested to prepare Resolutions for the occasion.



"He then offered the following Preamble and Resolutions, prefacing them with appropriate remarks: —

"*Whereas*, We have heard with deep sorrow of the death of the Rev. William Parsons Lunt, D. D., while on his journey in the East, travelling towards Jerusalem; *And whereas*, Dr. Lunt was the first minister of the Second Unitarian Congregational Church of this city; and although during the twenty-four years since he resigned his charge here, the Society has very much changed, and there are but few now connected with it who were worshippers while he preached; yet with a proper sense of the labors he performed in the early days of the Society, as well as for the deep regard we as a Christian body felt for him, as a man and a minister, we have met this day to express the sentiments which we feel for our denomination in the removal of such a light from our pulpit; and within these walls, consecrated by our faith; at this altar, where our friend has administered, we have come to pay our tribute to his memory. Therefore, it is

"*Resolved*, That we regard this dispensation of God as a most afflictive event to the churches of our faith; for in the departed were blended great powers of preaching; a simplicity of Christian life; a faithful adherence to duty, with a devotion to the cause in which he labored, that made him welcome at all times in our pulpits and honored in our homes.

"*Resolved*, That this church has cause to remember his labors here, as the first pastor, when he brought hither his fresh youth, and the powers of a mind dedicated to the Gospel of Christ; that he labored zealously in an untried and a hard field; but he sowed good seed, that has taken root and grown up, and brought forth abundantly; and, with gratitude to God, as a Society, we express our obligations for his services, and our affection for his name.

"*Resolved*, That our heart-felt sympathy is extended to his widow and to his children, who have lost an affectionate husband and a kind father. To God, the all-wise and good, we commend them for the consolation which can come from no other source, in this hour of their deep anguish.

"*Resolved*, That as a sister church of that over which our departed friend was last settled as its pastor, we appreciate the great loss it has sustained in this event; and we trust that the lessons of wisdom and the doctrines of faith and love, to which its members have listened so long, must

have taught them the value of him who has been so soon called from his labors to his reward.

" *Resolved*, That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting, and the Resolutions, be forwarded by the Secretary to the widow of the deceased, and also to the church in Quincy, Mass., over which Dr. Lunt was settled.

" Mr. Joseph Tinkham seconded the resolutions, referring to his connexion with the church in Mercer street and to his acquaintance with Dr. Lunt, whose departure he sincerely regretted, for he had known him as his minister and as a friend.

" Mr. William Bloodgood spoke to the resolutions, and of Dr. Lunt as a faithful worker in the cause here, when the labor was hard and the reward apparently small.

" The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

" G. W. BLUNT, *Chairman*.

" WM. H. WOODMAN, *Secretary*."

" At a stated meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, held in Boston on Thursday, June 11th, Joseph Willard, Esq., the Corresponding Secretary, having announced the death of Dr. Lunt—his immediate predecessor in that office—in a brief but feeling eulogy, offered the following Resolution, which, after having been responded to by several of the members, was unanimously adopted.

" *Resolved*, That the Massachusetts Historical Society has heard with deep sorrow of the death of Rev. William Parsons Lunt, D. D., an honored associate and officer of our Society, whose example and influence were ever on the side of religion, truth, and duty; and to whose ardent, intelligent, and effective interest in historical pursuits, the records of our Society bear abundant testimony. We mourn his departure, and tender our sincere sympathies to his bereaved family and his venerable father."

Among the various tributes to Mr. Lunt, the two following especially deserve to be preserved in connection with this memorial. The former was written by Rev. Dr. Frothingham, and the latter by Mr. Lunt's professional friend and neighbor, Rev. S. G. Bulfinch, of Dorchester.

A LAMENT FOR WILLIAM PARSONS LUNT.

A wail from beyond the desert !  
 A wail from across the sea !  
     The home he left  
     Bereft, bereft  
 Forevermore must be.

As spread the heavy tidings,  
 How many a heart grows sore,  
     That the eloquent grace  
     Of that pensive face  
 And that mellow voice is o'er !

Alas for thee, O our brother !  
 And for this we sorrow most,  
     That a spirit so fair  
     Must be breathed out there,  
 On that stern Arabian coast ; —

That a life so all unforeign, —  
 To Faith and his Country bound, —  
     Turned dying eyes  
     Upon Asian skies,  
 And dropped on Moslem ground.

Away for the Holy City  
 With pilgrim soul he trod;  
     But nearer at hand  
     Must the pearl gates expand  
 Of the City New of God.

The judgment peak of Sinai  
 Rose now in the homeward West,  
     Its shadows grim  
     Had no terror for him,  
 As he sank to his Christian rest.

But O, that the thoughtful scholar, —  
 His mind at its fullest noon, —  
     That the Preacher's tongue  
     And the Poet's song  
 Should pass away so soon !

*May 30, 1857.*

N. L. F.

TO THE MEMORY OF REV. WM. P. LUNT, D. D.

[Akaba, where Dr. Lunt died, is at the extremity of the eastern gulf of the Red Sea, a military post on the route of the caravans from Egypt to Mecca. It is described by Burckhardt and others as consisting principally of a castle, built in the sixteenth century, and surrounded by date-palms. It is near the site of the ancient cities of Elath and Ezion-geber, at the latter of which the ships of Jehoshaphat were destroyed. 1 Kings 22: 48.]

Where the dark sea of Egypt throws  
     Its last spray o'er Arabia's sands,  
 Where in tall groups the date-palm grows,  
     A tower of other ages stands.

The warriors of the crescent there  
 Watch, from the mountain to the plain,  
 The caravan's long line appear  
 In stately march to Mecca's fane ;

Or, on that long untravelled sea,  
 With fear and powerless envy mark  
 The cross, Britannia's blazonry,  
 Float o'er the intruding western bark.

Wild scene of death was thine, O friend !  
 The dark-browed sons of Ishmael nigh,  
 No dear familiar face to bend  
 In sorrow o'er thy closing eye.

Thy mind, in many a dreamy hour,  
 Had roved in Israel's far-off land ;  
 Thy Christian heart had craved the power,  
 Where thy Redeemer stood, to stand.

It might not be. Where broken lay  
 The ships, a Hebrew monarch's pride,  
 A nobler vessel far than they  
 Was broken when our pilgrim died.

Thy deep, clear voice is heard no more !  
 We see no more thy calm, dark eye.  
 Yon stately fane, where crowds adore,  
 Echoes a mourning people's sigh.

And love, that might have checked the flow  
 Of grief to view thy parting smile,  
 In widowed and in orphaned woe  
 Shall weep, — yet heavenward look the while.

With theirs the tears of age shall blend,  
 Submissive to Heaven's high decree ;  
 And many a sympathizing friend  
 Shall mourn departed worth in thee.

Rest thou in peace ! The hallowed hill  
 Of Zion 't was not thine to climb,  
 Nor feel thy poet-pulses thrill  
 On Tabor's mountain-height sublime.

But for those types denied to thee,  
 The heavenly Canaan is thine own ;  
 And from the desert and the sea  
 Thou risest to thy Saviour's throne !

*Dorchester, June 1, 1857.*

S. G. B.

















3 2044 029 902 756

